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VVINE,
BEERE, ALE,
AND
TOBACCO.

Contending for Superiority.

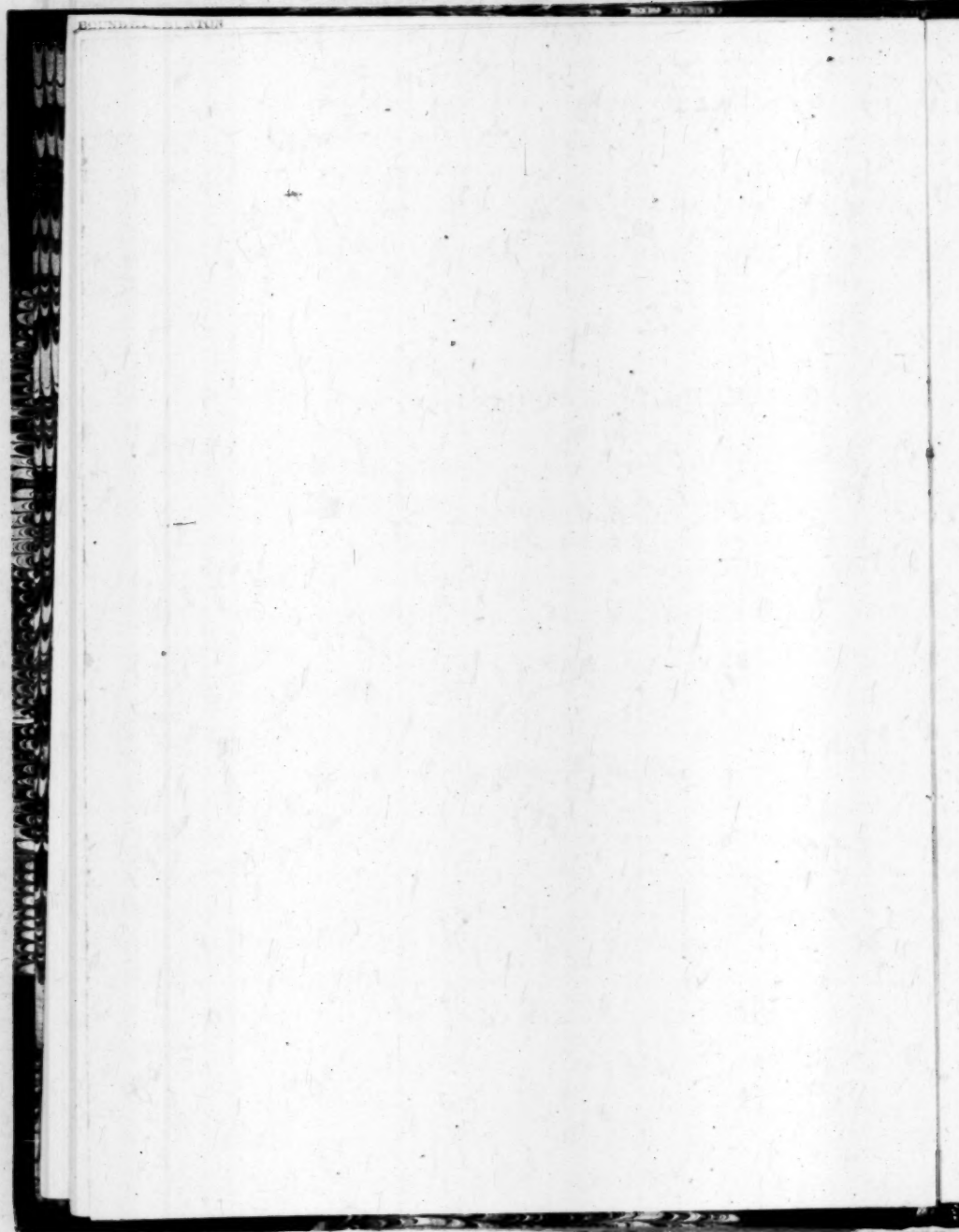
A Dialogue.

The second Edition, much enlarged.

HORAT. *Siccis omnia dara Deus proposuit.*



Printed at London by T. C. for John Grove, and are
to be sold at his shop at Furnivals Inne Gate
in Holborne, 1630.



THE STATIONER TO
THE READERS.



ENTLEMEN; for in
your Drinke, you will
bee no lesse, I present
you with this small
Collation : If either
Wine and Sugar, Beere
and *Nutmeg*, a Cup of
Ale and a *Toste*, *Tobacco*, or all together, may
meeete your Acceptation, I am glad I had it
for you. There is difference betweene
them; but your Palat may reconcile all. If
any thing distaste you, there is *Water* to
wash your hands of the whole Pamphlet.
So hoping you will accept a Pledge of my
Service, and haue a care of your owne
health, I begin to you.

J. Gr.



THE SPEAKERS.

WINE, *A Gentleman.*

SUGAR, *His Page.*

BEERE, *A Citizen.*

NYMMEG, *His Prentice.*

ALE, *A Countrey-man.*

TOST, *One of his rrwall Seruants.*

WATER, *A Parson.*

TOBACCO, *A swaggering Gentleman.*

WINE,



VVINE, BEERE, ALE, and TOBACCO,

Contending for Superiority.

Sugar and Nutmegge from severall doores meete.

Sugar.



Nutmegge?

Nut. *Sugar?* well met, how chance
you waite not vpon your Maister,
where's Wine now?

Sug. Oh sometimes without Sugar,
all the while he's well if I bee in his company, tis but for
fashion sake, I waite vpon him into a roome now and then,
but am not regarded: marrie when hee is ill, hee makes
much of mee, who but Sugar? but to my remembrance I
haue not beene in his presence this fortnight, I hope short-
ly hee will not know me, though he meete me in his drinke.

Nut. Thou hast a sweete life in the meane time Sugar.

Sug. But thou art tied to more attendance Nutmegge vpon
your Maister Beere.

Nut. Faith no, I am free now and then, though I bee his
Prentice still, Nutmegge hath more friends to trust to then
Beere: I can be welcome to wine thy master sometimes, and
to the honest Countrey man Ale too. But now I talke of Ale,
when didst see his man prethee?

Sug.

Ale, and Tobacco.

Sug. Who, Toft?

Nur. The same.

Sug. I meete him at Tauerne every day.

Nur. When shall thou, and he, and I, meete and be merry ouer a Cuppe?

Sug. He tell thee Nutmegge, I doe not care much for his company, he's such a chollericke peece, I know not what he's made of, but his quarrelling comes home to him, for hee's every day cut for it, I maruell how he escapes, this morning he had a knife thrust into him.

Nur. Indeed he will be very hot sometimes.

Sug. Hot? I, till he looke blacke in his face agen, besides, if he take an opinion ther's no turning him, hee'l be burnt first, I did but by chance let fall some words against Ale, and hee had like to haue beaten me to powder for it.

Nur. How; beaten Sugar? that would be very fine ifaith; but hee being bread, and thou a loafe, you should not differ so. Stand, looke where he is.

Enter Toft drunke.

Sug. Then He be gone, for we shall quarrell.

Nur. Come, feare not, He part you, but hee's drunke, ready to fall; whence comes he dropping in now? How now Toft?

Toft. Nutmeg? round and sound and all of a colour, art thou there?

Nur. Heere's all that's left of me.

Toft. Nutmeg, Hee's thee Nutmeg. What's that a Ghost?

Nur. No, tis your old acquaintance Sugar.

Toft. Sugar: He beat him to peeces.

Sug. Hold, hold. Nutmegge.

Nutmeg and Sugar hang upon Toft.

Toft. Cannot Toft stand without holding?

Nur. Where haue you beene Toft?

Toft.

Ale and Tobacco.

Toft. Ile tell thee, I haue bin with my M. Ale, Sirra, I was very drie, and he has made me drunke: doe I not crumble? I shall fall a pieces; but Ile beate Sugar for all that: I doe not weigh him, hee is a poore Rogue, I haue knowne him solde for two pence, when hee was young, wrapt in swadling clouts of Paper. I know his breeding, a Drawer brought him vp, and now hee's growne so lumpish.

Sug. Y'are a rude Toft.

Toft. Rude? Let me but crush him: Rude? Sirra, tis well knowne you come from Barbary your selfe, and because of some few Pounds in a Chest, you thinke to domineere ouer
Toft: y'are a little handsome, I confesse, & Wenches like their lips after you; but for all that, would I might sinke to the bottome, if I doe not—: I will giue Sugar but one box.

Nut. Come, come, you shall not.

Sug. Prethee Nutmeg, take out Toft a little, to morrow weele meet and be drunke together.

Exit Nutmeg with Toft.

So, so, I am glad hee's gone: I doe not loue this Tofts company, yet some occasion or other, puts me still vpon him. Ha, who's this?

Enter Wine.

Tis Wine my Master.

Wine. Sugar, you are a sweet youth, you wayt well.

Sug. A friend of mine call'd me forth, to cure a cut finger.

Wine. Youle turne Surgeon or Physician shortly.

Sug. But your diseases need none: for inflammations, which are dangerous to others, makes you more acceptable, nor doe you blush to haue it reported sir, how often you haue beene burnt.

Wine. So sir, now you put me in minde on't, I heare say you runne a wenching, and keepe womens company too much.

B

Sug.

Wine, Beere,

Sug. Alas sir, like will to like, Sugar being of his owne nature sweete, has reason to make much of women, which are the sweetest creatures.

Wine But some of them are sower enough.

Sug. I sir, Widlowes at fiftene, and Maides at twentie five; but I keepe them company, for no other thing, then to convert them, some of them could eate me, but for feare of spoiling their teeth.

Wine Indeed one of your sweet hearts complained t'other day you made her teeth rotten.

Sug. Alas sir, twas none of my fault, she bit me first, and I could doe no lesse, then punish her sweet tooth.

Wine. Well sirra, I say, take heed of women.

Sug. Nay sir, if I may credit my owne experience they are the best friends I haue, for I am alwaies in their mouthes. If I come to a banquet, as none are made without mee, in what fashion soeuer I appeare, euery woman bestowes a handkercher vpon me, and strue to carry me away in their cleaneft linnen: nay, but for shame, to betray their affections to mee, they would bring whole sheets for me to lie in,

Wine. Why sirs thou wert wrapt in thy mothers smocke.

Sug. I thinke if the Midwife were put to her oath, I was wrapt in hers, oth Christing day.
But see sir, here's Master Beere.

Enter Beere.

Wine. How, Beere? we are not very good friends, no matter, I scorne to auoid him.

Beere. Beere-leaue sir.

Instles Wine.

Wine. So me thinkes? how now Beere, running at tilt, dost not know me?

Beere. I dee meane to haue the wall on you.

Wine. The wall of me, you would haue your head and the wall knockt together, learne better manners, or I may chance to broach you.

Beere. Broach me, alas poore Wine, tis not your *Fieri facias*

Ale and Tobacco.

facias can make Beere afraid, thy betters know the strength of Beere. I doe not feare your high colour fir.

Sug. So, so, here will be some scuffling.

Wine. You'll leaue your impudence, and learne to know your superiours Beere, or I may chance to haue you stept vp, what neuer leaue working? I am none of your fellowes.

Beere. I scorne thou shouldst.

Wine. I am a companion for Princes, the least droppe of my blood, worth all thy body. I am sent for by the Citizens, visited by the Gallants, kist by the Gentlewomen. I am their life, their Genius, the Poeticall furie, the Helicon of the Muses, of better value then Beere; I should be sorry else.

Beere. Thou art sorie wine indeed sometimes: Value? you are come vp of late, men pay deere for your company, and repent it: that giues you not the precedencie; though Beere let not so great a price vpon himselfe, he meanes not to bate a graine of his worth, nor subscribe to Wine for all his braueries,

Wine. Not to mee?

Beere. Not to you: why whence come you pray?

Wine. From France, from Spaine, from Greece.

Beere. Thou art a mad Greeke indeed.

Wine. Where thou must neuer hope to come: who dares denie that I haue beene a trauailer?

Beere. A trauailer? in a tumbrell, a little Beere will go farther: why Wine, art not thou kept vader locke and key, confined to some corner of a Cellar, and there indeed commonly close prisoner, vnlesse the Iaylor or Ycoman of the Bottles turne the Key for the chamber-maid now and then, for which shee vowes not to leaue him, till the last gaspe, where Beere goes abroad, and randeuous in euery place.

Wine. Thou in euery place? away hop of my thumb: Beere, I am a sham'd of thee.

Beer. Be asham'd of thy selfe, and blush Wine thou art no better. Beere shall haue commendations for his mildnesse and vertue, when thou art spit out of mens mouthes, & distasted: thou art an hypocrite, Wine, art all white sometimes, but

Wine, Beere,

more changeable then *Proteus*: thou wouldst take vpon thee to comfort the blood, but hast beene the cause that too many noble veines haue beene emptied: thy vertue is to betray secrets, the very preparatiue to a thousand rapes and murders, and yet thou darest stand vpon thy credit, and preferre thy selfe to Beere, that is as cleare as day.

Sug. Well said Beere, hee beares vp stiffe like a Constable. Now will I play my part with 'em both, Sir, *T'n Wine*
This is intollerable.

Wine. The vessell of your wit leakes, Beere, why thou art drunke.

Beere. So art thou Wine, euery day i'th weeke, and art faine to be carried forth of doores.

Sug. How sir? *To Wine.*

Wine. I scorne thy words, thou art base Beere: Wine is well borne, has good breeding, and bringing vp; thou deseruest to be carted, Beere.

Sug. Suffer this, and suffer all, to him againe.

Beere. Carted? thou would be carted thy selfe, rackt and drawne for thy basenesse, Wine. Welborne? Did not euery man call you Bastard tother day? borne? ther's no man able to beare thee much: and for breeding, I know none thou hast, vnlesse it bee Diseases.

Sug. How, diseases? you haue beene held alwayes to bee wholsome Wine, sir.

Wine. Sirra, if I take you in hand, I shall make you smal Beere.

Beere. Take heed I doe not make Vineger of you first.

Sug. Doe, doe, make him pisse it, in my opinion sir, it were not for your honor to run away: yet Beere being a common quarreler, I feare may prooue too hard for you.

Wine. Too hard for me? away Boy, Ile be as hard as he for his hart: alas, hee's but weake Beere, if I giue him but a rap, it shall stay him from running out thus.

Sug. So, so, they are high enough fall too, and welcome.

Enter

Ale and Tobacco.

Enter Ale.

Who's this? Ale? Oh for the three-men-Song: this Ale is a stout fellow, it shall go hard, but Sugar which makes all sweet sometimes, shall set him in his part of Discord.

Wine. Come, come, Beere, you forget how low you were tother day: prouoke mee not too much, lest I bestow a firkin on you.

Beere. Strike and thou dar'st Wine, I shall make thee answer as quicke as the objection, and giue you a dash.

Ale. Vnh: what's this? it seemes theres great difference betweene Wine and Beere. Sugar, what's the matter?

Sug. Oh goodman *Ale*, I am glad you'r come, heare's nothing but contention: I haue gone betwixt'em twice or thrice, but I feare, one or both will be spilt.

Ale. What doe they contend about?

Sug. For that, which for ought I can apprehend, belongs as much to you, as to either of them.

Ale. Hah? to mee? what's that?

Sug. Ale, by iudicious men hath been held no despicable drinke, for my owne part, tis nothing to me: you are all one to Sugar, whosoever be King, Sugar can be a subiect, but yet, twere fit, Ale had his measure.

Ale. Are they so proud?

Sug. They mind not you, as if you were too vnworthy a Competitor; See, tis come to a challenge.

Wine throwes downe the glove, which Beere takes vp.

Pray take no knowledge that I discovered any thing of their Ambition; Sugar shall euer bee found true to Ale, else would I might neuer be more drunke in your company.

Ale. No matter for protestation.

Sug. So, so, now I haue warmed Ale pretty well, Ile leaue 'em: if Wine Beere and Ale agree together, would Sugar might neuer bee drunke but with Water, nor neuer helpe to

Wine, Beere,

preferue any thing but old women, & elder brothers. *Exit.*

Wine. Remember the place, and weapon.

Ale. Stay, stay, come together agen, why how now, what fight, and kill one another?

Wine. Alas poore Beere, I account him dead already.

Beere. No sir, you may find Beere quick enough, to pierce your Hogthead. I shall remember.

Ale. But ith meane time you both forget your selues: dee heare? Ale is a friend to you both, let me know your difference.

Beere. Hee has disgrac'd mee.

Wine. Thou hast disgrac'd thy selfe in thy comparisons. Wine must be acknowledged the Nectar of all drinks, the prince of Liquors.

Beere. To wash Bootes.

Ale. Hark you, are you both mad? who hath heat you, that you run ouer, do you contend for that in iustice belongs to another? I tell you Wine and Beere, I do not relish you, Ile tell you a tale: Two spruce hot-spurre fiery gallants meeting ith streets, iustled for the wall, drew, would ha been fighting: there steps mee forth a correcter of soles, an vnderlaid cobbler, and cries out, Hold, hold your hands Gentlemen, are you so simple to fight for the wall? why the wall's my Landlords. Haue you but so much wit as to apply this, you shall neuer neede fence for the matter. Superioritie is mine, Ale is the prince of liquors, and you are both my subiects.

Both. Wee thy Subiects?

Wine. O base Ale.

Beere. O muddy Ale.

Ale. Leauue your railing, and attend my reasons, I claime your duties to mee, for many prerogatiues: my antiquitie, my riches, my learning, my, strength, my grauitie.

Wine. Antiquitie? your first reason's a very small one.

Ale. Dare any of you denie my antiquitie? I say.

Wine. We must beare with him, tis in his Ale.

Ale. It onely pleades for mee: who hath not heard of the old Ale of England?

Beere,

Ale and Tobacco.

Beere. Old Ale; oh there tis growne to a Prouerbe,
Iones Ale new.

Ale. These are trifles, and conuince me not.

Wine. If wee should grant your argument, you would
gaine little by't, goe together, I doe allow you both a couple
of stale companions.

Beere. Wine, you're very harsh.

Ale. Let him, my second prerogatiue is my riches and
possessions; for who knowes not how many howses I haue?
Wine and Beere are faine to take vp a corner, your ambition
goes no further then a Celler, where the whole house where
I am is mine, goes onely by my name, is cald an Alehouse;
but when is either heard, the Wine-house, or the Beere-
house? you cannot passe a streete, wherein I haue not hou-
ses of mine owne, besides many that goe by other mens
names.

Beere. I confesse you haue here and there an Alehouse,
but whose are all the rest? hath not Beere as much title to
thein?

Wine. And yet I haue not heard that either of you both
haue sin'd for Aldermen, though I confesse something has bin
attempted out of nicke and froth. Be rul'd by me, Beere and
Ale, & aspire no heigher then the Common-Councell-hou-
ses. Oh impudence, that either of you should talke of houses,
when sometimes you are both glad of a tub: dee heare Ale?
doe not you knowe the man that did the bottle bring?

Ale. Thou art glad of a Bottle thy selfe, Wine, some-
times, and so is Beere too, for all he froaths now.

Beere. So, so.

Ale. My third Prerogatiue, is my Learning.

Wine. Learning? If you haue the Liberall Sciences, pray
be free, and lets heare some.

Ale. For that, though I could giue you demonstration,
for breuities sake I remit you to my bookes.

Beere. Bookes? printed *Cum priuilegio* no doubt on't, and
sold for the Company of Stationers: what are the names?

Ale. Admire me, but when I name learned, though not
the

Wine, Beere,

the great *Alexander Ale* and *Tostatus* the Iesuite.

Wine. O learned Ale, you scorne to make *Indentures* any more, but you might as well haue concluded this without booke.

Beere. Why, you will shortly be *Towne-Clerke*, the *Citie Chronieler* is too meane a place for you.

Ale. Now for my strength and invincibilitie.

Beere. But heere let mee interrupt you, talke no more of strength, none but Beere deserues to bee call'd strong, no pen is able to set downe my victories. I? why, I haue been the destruction. —

Wine. Of Troy, hast not? heere your owne mouthes condemney you: if killing be your conquest, euery Quacksaluing knaue may haue the credit of a rare Phisician, that sends more to the Church and Churchyard, then diseases doe: I Wine, comfort & preserue, let that be my Character. I am cosen German to the blood, not so like in my appearance as I am in nature, I repaire the debilities of age, and reuiue the refrigerated spirits, exhilarate the heart, and Steele the brow with confidence. For you both the Poet hath drawne your memorials in one.

— *nil spissius illa*

Dum bibitur, nil clarius est dum mingitur, unde

Constat quod multas faeces in corpore linguat.

Nothing goes in so thicke,

Nothing comes out so thinne:

It must needs follow then,

Your dregs are left within.

And so I leaue you *Stygia monstrum conforme paludi*, monstrous drinke, like the riuier Styx.

Ale. Nay but hearke, tis not your Latine must carry it away, I will not loose a drop of my reputation, and by your fauour, if you stand so much vpon your preseruing, Ile put you to your Latine agen, and prooue my selfe superiour, for Ale as if it were the life of mankind, hath a peculiar name and denomination, being cald Ale from *Ale*, which euery Schoole boy can tell, signifies to feed and nourish, which nei-
ther

Ale and Tobacco.

ther Wine nor Beere can shew for themselves; and for my strength and honour in the warres, know that Ale is a Knight of Malta, and dares fight with any man beares a head, tis more safe to beleeue what a Souldier I am, then trie what I can doe.

Beere. If you looke thus illfaouredly Ale, you may fright men well enough, and be held terrible by weake stomacks; but if you call to mind the puissance and valour of Beere, invincible Beere, tumble downe Beere, you must sing a Psalmode. I? why I haue ouerthrowne armies, how easie is it for me to take a cittie, when I can tame Constables, which in their presence are formidable at midnight, in the midst of their rugged Bill-men, make'em all resigne their weapons, and send'em away to sleepe vpon their charge.

Wine. How? vpon their owne charge? take the Constable committing that fault, and hee'l neuer bee good in his office after it.

Beere. Now for my vertue in preserving and nourishing the body wherein you both so glory, you are not to compare with mee, since thousands euery day come to receiue their healths from me.

Wine. Kings and Princes from me, and like them I am seru'd in plate.

Ale. But thou art come downe of late to a glasse, Wine: and that's the reason I thinke, so many Vintners haue broake: now obserue my last Reason.

Beere. Yes, pray where lies your grauitie?

Ale. Not in my Beard, I speake without mentall reseruati-
on, Ile tell you, and you shall confesse it: the Wise men of
ancient time were called Sages, and to this day it signifies
iudgment, discretion, grauitie; for by what other would
you excite to good manners more aptly, then to shew a young
man to bee sage, that is graue: and with what title can you
better salute him that is graue, or more honour him, then to
call him one of the Sages? Now this appellation neither of
you can challenge, yet euery man giueth mee the attribute;
for who knowes not I am called Sage Ale?

Wine, Beere,

Wi. One may guesse what braines he carries by the Sage now.

Ale. And thus hauing given you sufficient reasons for your acknowledgment of my principalitie, let your knees witness your obedience to your King, and I will grace you both by making you Squires of my body, right honorable Ale-Squires.

Wine. This is beyond suffering: was ever Wine so vnder-valued? Barbarous detractors, whose beginning came from a dunghill, I defie you *Bacchus*, looke downe, and see me vindicate thine honour, I scorne to procrastinate in this, and this minute you shall giue account of your insolencies; my spirit's high, I am enemy to both.

Ale. Is Wine drawn? then haue at you, Ile make good Ale.

Beere. I stand for the honour of Beere, were you an army.

As they offer to fight Water comes running in.

Water. Hold, hold, hold.

Wine. How now? what comes water running hither for?

Wat. Let my feare ebbe a little.

Beere. What tide brought you hither, Water?

Water. The pure streame of my affection: oh how I am troubled! I am not yet recovered.

Ale. So me thinks you looke very thin vpon't Water: but why doe we not fight?

Water. Doe not talke of fighting, is it not time that Water should come to quench the fire of such contention? I tell you, the care of your preferuation made me breake my banks to come to you, that you might see the ouerflowing loue I beare you: your quarrell hath ecchoed vnto me; I know your ambition for superiorities: you are all my kinsmen, neere allyed to Water, and though I say it, sometimes not a little beholding to Water, even for your very makings. Will you referre your selues to mee, and wade no further in these discontentments? I will vndertake your reconciliation and qualification.

Wine.

Ale and Tobacco.

Wine. To thee, Water? wilt thou take vpon thee to correct our irregularitie? Thou often goest beyond thy bounds thy selfe. But if they consent, I shall.

Beere. I am content.

Ale. And I.

Water. Then without further circumlocution or insinuation, Water runnes to the matter: you shall no more contend for excellencie, for Water shall allow each of you a singularity. First, you Wine, shall be in most request among Courtiers, Gallants, Gentlemen, Poeticall wits, *Qui melioris luti homines*, being of a refined mould, shall choose as a more nimble and active watering, to make their braines fruitfull, *Fecundus calices quem non?* but so as not confin'd to them, nor limittting them to you, more then to exhilarate their spirits, and acuate their inuentions.

You Beere, shall bee in most grace with the Citizens, as being a more stayed Liquor, fit for them, that purpose retifement and grauitie, that with the Snaille carries the cares of a house and family with them, tyed to the attendance of an illiberrall profession, that neither trot nor amble, but haue a sure pace of their owne, *Bos lassus fortius figit pedem*, The black Oxe has trod vpon their foot: yet I bound you not with the Citie, though it bee the common entertainment, you may bee in credit with Gentlemens Cellars, and carry reparation before you from March to Christmas—till I should say; that Water should forget his Tide.

You Ale I remit to the Countrey as more fit to liue where you were bred: your credit shall not be inferiour, for people of all sorts shall desire youre acquaintance, specially in the morning, though you may be allowed all the day after: the Parson shall account you one of his best Parishioners, & the Church wardens shall pay for your companie, and drawing their Bills all the yeere long, you shall bee loued and maintained at the Parish charge till you be old, bee allowed a *Robin-hood*, or Mother Red-cap, to hang at your doore, to beckon in Customers: and if you come into the Citie, you may be drunke with pleasure, but neuer come into the fash-

Wine, Beere,

on. At all times you shall haue respect, but in Winter Morning without comparifon. How doe you like my censure now?

Ale. Water has a deepe iudgement.

Wine. And yet the world sayes sometimes Water is shallow: nay, Ile see you shake handes, and tie a new knot of friendship.

Ale. We are henceforth brothers.

Wine. Stay, who's here?

*Enter Toft, Sugar, and Nutmeg: Toft whetting
a knife on his shoe.*

Toft. I tell thee, Sugar, I am now friends with thee. But if it bee as you say —

Wine. What's the matter?

Ale. Let's obserue him a little, Toft is angry.

Nut. What need you be so hore, Toft?

Toft. Hore? tis no matter, Sugar: you will iustifie that Wine and Beere offered this wrong vnto Ale.

Sug. I know not whose pride began; but I was sorry to see Wine, Beere, and Ale at such odds.

Toft. Ods quotha? I do meane to be euen with some body.

Nut. An euen Toft shewes well,

Toft. They shall find that Ale has those about him that are not altogether dowe.

Sug. Thou hast been baked, Ile sweare.

Nut. And new come out of the Ouen too, I thinke: for he is very feticie.

Toft. Ale must not be put downe so long as Toft has a crum of life left. Beere too?

Nut. What doe you meane to doe with your knife, Toft? that will scarce cut Beere and'twere butterd.

Toft. Come not neere me, Nutmeg, least I grate you, and lise you: Nutmeg, doe you marke?

Wine. Let's in, and make'em friends. How now Toft?

Toft. Tis all one for that: Oh, are you there? pray tell me which

Ale and Tobacco.

which of 'em ist?

Ale. Is what?

Nut. Why they are friends: what did you meane Sugar, to make Toft burne thus?

Ale. No such matter.

Toft. You will not tell me then. Harke you Beere, March-Beere, this way a little.

Beere. What dost thou meane to doe with thy knife?

Toft. I must stirre you a little Beere: what colour had you to quarrell with my Master?

Beere. *Ale.* VVe are sworne brothers.

Ale. We were at difference, and Wine too. but —

Toft. Wine too But, but me no buts, I care not a strawe for his buts; dee here fir, doe you long to be Graues Wine?

Wine. We are all friends.

Water. I, I, all friends on my word, Toft.

Toft. Fire and water are not to bee trusted, away new Riuer, away, I wash my hands on thee.

Ale. Come hither againe, Toft.

Toft. Ouer head and eares in Ale.

Wine. How comes this about, Sugar?

Sug. The truth is, fir, I told him of some difference betweene you, for he and I had been fallen out, and I had no other securitie to put in for my selfe, then to put him vpon some body else.

Nut. Nutmeg durst scarce speake to him, hee was ready to put me in his pocket.

Toft. I am coole agen: I may beleue you are friends; then I am content to put vp.

Puts vp his knife.

Sugar and Nutmeg, come, we be three.

Sug. Let's be all one rather: and from hencefoorth since they are so well accorded, let's make no difference of our Masters, but belong to 'em in common: for my part, though I wait vpon Wine, it shall not exempt my attendance on Beere, or Ale, if they please to command Sugar.

Toft. A match. I am for any thing but Water.

Nut. And I.

Wine, Beere,

Sng. But my seruice shall be ready for him to, Water and Sugar I hope, may be drunke together now and then, and not bee brought within compasse of the Statute, to bee put in stockes for't,

Was. Godamercy Sugar with all my hart, I shall loue thy company, for I am solitary, and thou wilt make mee pleasant. Stay.

Musicke.

Harke Musicke? Oh some friends of mine, I know 'em, they often come vpon the water: let's entertaine the ayre a little, neuer a voice among you?

THE SONG.

Wine. I Ioniall Wine exhilarate the hearts.

Beere. March Beere is drinke for a King.

Ale. But Ale, bonny Ale, with Spice and Toft,
In the Morning's a daintie thing.

Chorus. { Then let vs be merry, wash sorrow away,
Wine, Beere, and Ale, shall be drunke to day.

Wine. I generous Wine, am for the Court.

Beere. The Citie calls for Beere.

Ale. But Ale, bonny Ale, like a Lord of the Soyle,
In the Countrey shall domineere.

Chorus. { Then let vs be merry, wash sorrow away,
Wine, Beere and Ale shall be drunke to day.

Water. Why, now could I dance for ioy.

Ale. Now you talke of dancing, Wine, tis one of your qualities, let's pay the Musicians all together: wee haue often made other men haue light heads and heeles, there's no hurt a little in tripping for our selues, what say you?

Beere. Strike vp Piper.

Wine. Lustily, make a merry day on't; nay, leaue out none, at Dancing and at Foot-ball, all fellowes.

Ale and Tobacco.

Enter Tobacco.

Tobacco. Be your leaue gentlemen ——— wil't please you be here fir?

Wine. Who's this Tobacco?

Beere. Why comes he into our company?

Tobacco. I do heare say there is a controuersie ——— among you, and I am come ——— to moderate the businesse.

Ale. It shannot need, wee are concluded fir.

Water. Your name is Tobacco I take it.

Tobacco. No fir you take it not — deefee, tis I that take it.

Wine. But wee take it very ill, you should intrude your selfe into our mirth.

Water. I did guesse, by the chimney your nose that you might stand in neede of water, to quench some fire in your kitchin.

Tobacco. Hoh? Water. — spets.

Water. He has spit me out already *Exit.*

Tobacco. Sugar toft and nutmeg. puh. vanish.

Wine. He has blone away the spice too. *Ex. S. t. n.*

Tobacco. Now, doe you not know mee ——— what do yee stand at gaze ——— Tobacco is a drinke too.

Beere. A drinke?

Tobacco. Wine, you and I come both out of a pipe.

Ale. Prethee go smoke somewhere else, we are couetous of your acquaintance.

Tobacco. Do not incense me, do not inflame Tobacco.

Wine. We do not feare your puffing fir, and you haue any thing to say to vs be brieft and speake it.

Tobacco. Then briefly ——— and without more circumstance ——— not to hold you in expectation.

Wine. Heida, this is prolixity it selfe.

Beere. Oh fir his words are not well dyed in his mouth.

Ale. Or his vnderstanding is not sufficiently lighted yet gine him leaue I pray.

Tobacco. I do com e ———

Wine.

Wine, Beere,

Wine. Not yet to the purpose methinkes.

Tost. And I do meane——

Beere. Somewhat—— wo'd heare out.

Tobacco. And I intend——

Alc. Yet againe, thinke, thinke, till to morrow, wee may chance meet agen.

Tob. Stay, I command you stay.

Wine. How, you command vs by whose authority.?

Beere. That must be disputed.

Tob. Attend my argument; The soueraigne ought to cōmand, I am your soueraigne, the soueraigne drinke Tobacco.

Ergo.——

Wine. I see Tobacco is sophisticated.

Tob. I ought to command you, and it will become your duty to obey me——

Bee. You our soueraigne a meere whiffler.

Tob. I say agen I am your Prince, bow, and doe homage.

Alc. You haue turnd ouer a new leafe Tobacco.

Wine. You are very high Tobacco, I see ill weedes grow apace.

Bee. Most high and mighty trinidado.

Wine. For whose vertue would you be exalted, if it shall please your smoaky excellence?

Tob. Not yours,——nor yours——nor yours——but altogether, all the vertues which you seuerally glory in, are in me united,——looke not so coy, Call water to spread your faction, and you are but like the giddy elements changing and borrowing creatures, whilst I Tobacco am acknowledged a Heauenly quintessence, a diuine herbe.

Bee. Tobacco you are out.

Alc. After what rate is this an ounce?

Wine. Let vs beseech your excellence, for lesse title wee must not giue you hauing so much vertue as you pretend, to let vs vnderstand some of your pasticular graces and qualities.

Bee. I pray discourse alittle, what's the first?

Tob. You haue nam'd it——tis discourse which you are so farre

Ale and Tobacco.

farre from being able to aduance that you destroy it, in all men when you are most accepted, when my diuine breath mixing with theirs, doth distill eloquence and oracle vpon the tongue, which moueth with such deliberation — words flowing in so sweet distinction, that many eares are chained to the lips of him that speaketh.

*Dapuer accensum selecto fictile Pato,
ut Phabum ore bibam.*

Ale. And yet wee are not enchanted with the musick of your pipe to dance after it. My most excellent discourser.

Bee. And a helpe for the imperfections of nature. For when a man ha's not wit enough to expresse himselfe in words, you being taken, do presently helpe him, — to spit forth gentleman like.

Al. Indeed the most part of our common complement is but smoke, and now I know how Gentlemen come by it.

Tob. Thus swine do value pearle —

Wine. But as you haue the eloquence of *Vlysses*, I suppose you haue not the strength of *Aiax*, wee should moue in great feare, if you were valiant, I hope you are but weak Tobacco.

Tob. Weake? whose braine hath not felt the effects of my mightinesse? He that opposes me shall find me march like a tempest, waited vpon with lightening and black Cloudes.

Wi. Here is no cracke.

Bee. Yet he thunders it out.

Ale. Yes yes, I remember I haue heard him reported a solidier, and once being in company with a knap-lack man a companion of his, I obtained a cobby of his military postures, which put downe the pike and pot-gun cleane, pray obserue 'em.

- 1 Take your scale.
- 2 Draw your box.
- 3 Vncase your pipe.
- 4 Produce your rammer.
- 5 Blow you pipe.
- 6 Open your box.

Wine, Beere,

7. Fill your pipe.
8. Ramme your pipe.
9. Withdraw your Rammer.
10. Returne your rammer.
11. Make ready.
12. Present.
13. Elbow your pipe.
14. Mouth your pipe.
15. Give fire.
16. Note your Tobacco.
17. Puffe vp your smoke,
18. Spit on your right hand.
19. Throw off your loose ashes.
20. Present to your friend.
21. As you were.
22. Cleanse your pipe.
23. Blow your pipe.
24. Supply your pipe.

Exercise this discipline till you stinke, defile the roome, offend your friends, destroy your liver and lungs, and bid adiew to the world with a scowring fluxe.

To. You haue a good memorie. ———

Alc. I'me sure Tobacco will spoyle it.

Tob. These are but childish inuentions.

Wine. They are most proper to illustrate your magnificence, for howsoever you pretend that you conuerse with men, it is apparant, that you make men children again, for they that vse you most familiarly, doe but smoake all the day long.

To. You dishonour me.

Wine. Not so much as Gentlemen dishonour themselves, to turne common pipers: but if you haue any more conditions, pray enrich vs with the story.

Tob. I am medicinall.

Be. How?

To. And preserve the health of man.

Wine.

Ale and Tobacco.

Wine. I hope they are not come to drinke healthes in Tobacco.

To. I repaire the bodies which your immoderate cups haue turnd to fennes and marishes. The wisest Phisicians prescribe my vse, and acknowledge me a salutary herbe.

Ale. Phisicians are no fooles, they may commend you for their profit, you are one of their herbingers to provide for a disease; yet howsoever you call them wise, and glorie in their flatteries, they make but a very simple of you.

Wine. Methinks this should cut Tobacco.

Tob. Not at all, I am about their poore derision; at my pleasure I could reuenge their malice, for I am in fauour, and growne to be the delight of poets and princes.

Bea. How poets and princes? *Egeus Rex meus*, a stopper for Tobacco, wee shall haue pretty treason anon else.

Tob. Does it scruple your iudgement Mr. small beere that I say poets and Princes? I am not to learne their distinction, nor doth it take from any allegiance, they are both sacred names; yet I am confident it is easier for a poet not borne to soveraigntie to aspire to a kingdome, then for a King not borne with fancie to be made a poet. I mentioned these names, not in their methode and order, but to shew my grace with them, that are most able to punish insolence, such as your's,

Ale. How the vapour rises.

Wine. This ruffler may be troublesome, wee were best admit him to our society, he is a dry companion, and you may obserue, how he hath insinuated already with the greatest; the ladies begin to affect him, and he receiues priuate fauors from their lips, euery day he kisseth their hands, when he appears in a faire pipe; though wee allow him not a priortie, for our owne sakes, let vs hold correspondence with him, least he seduce men to forsake vs, or at least to make vse of vs but for their necessity.

Ale. Hum! he sayes well, now I better consider 'twere safest to vse him kindly, least by degrees he ouerthrow vs, and iett vpon our priuiledges, for I heard a gentleman t'other

Wine, Beere,

day affirme, he had fasted 3 or 4 dayes, only with Tobacco.

Wine. Beside, if we continue friends he will be a preparatiue for our reception, without vs he may subsist, but with him wee are sure of liberall entertainment.

Beere. I am conuerted, Wine you are the best orator, speake for vs.

Wine. Tobacco, you are a good fellow, all ambition laid aside, let vs embrace as friends; excuse vs, that wee haue been a little merry with you, wee acknowledge you a gentle drink and you shall haue all the respect will become Wine, Beere, or Ale to obserue you with: what should we contend for primacie, quarrell about titles, which if to any wee acknowledge most properly belong to you, for they are all but smoake. Let vs vnite and be confederate states for the benefit of mens low countreyes, liue and loue together. Wine doth here enter into league with Tobacco.

Be. And beere.

Al. And Ale.

Tob. Are you in earnest? why then Tobacco is so farre from pride, that he vowes to serue you all, and when I leaue to be a true friend, may fire consume me, and my ashes want a buriall.

W. B. A. and when wee falsifie, may thunders shrike vs dead.

The Dance.

In which wine falling downe, one taketh sugar by the heeles and seemes to shake him vpon Wine.

In the second passage, beere falleth, and 2 take Nutmegge, and as it were to grate him ouer beere.

In the Third Ale falleth, one bringeth in a Chafendish of coles, and another causeth Tost to put his breech to it; afterwards it is clapt to Ale's mouth, and the Dance concludeth.

FINIS.

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